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133
March
'70

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PURE, UNADULTERATED, FAT-FREE
HUMOR**

TO A CHEAPSKATE DATE

*You penny-pinching, stingy fink,
You really were too much;
I'll bet that on your honeymoon
Your bride and you go "Dutch"!*



**BE A
MAIL
ANIMAL!**

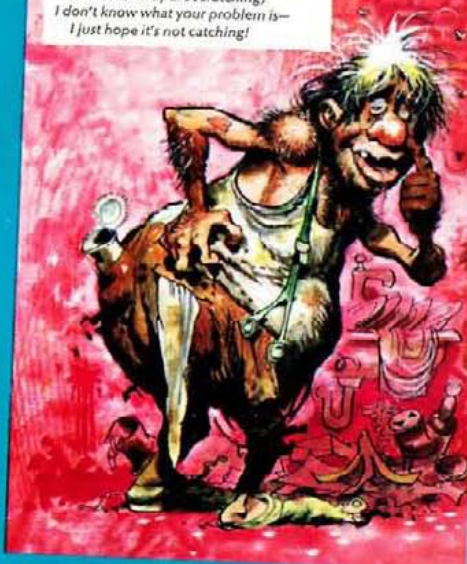
**HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO
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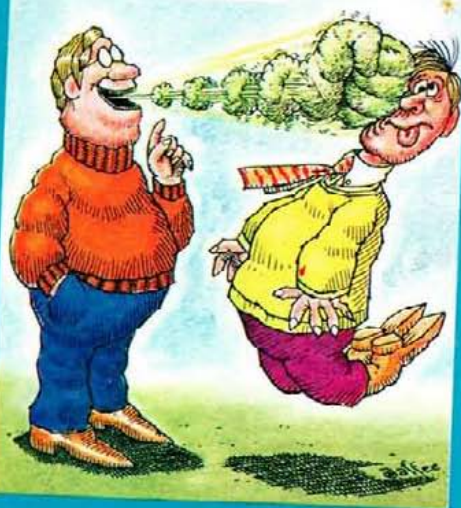
TO A SLOB

*You pick your nose, you belch, you drool,
You constantly are scratching;
I don't know what your problem is—
I just hope it's not catching!*



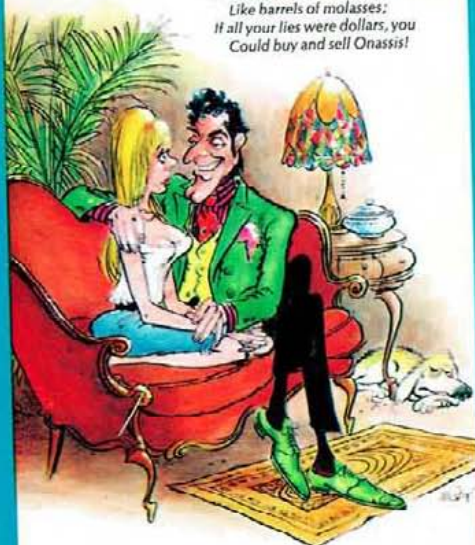
TO AN OFFENDER

*Your breath is like a garbage dump,
But, heck, why should you mind it?
It's us who get it. In the schnozz—
You get to stand behind it!*



TO A LYING SWEETHEART

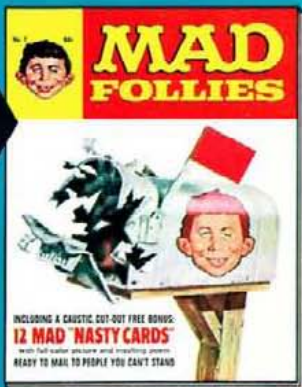
*The sweet talk oozes from your lips
Like barrels of molasses;
If all your lies were dollars, you
Could buy and sell Onassis!*



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MAD

"By the time a guy is in shape to buy his wife beautiful clothes, she isn't!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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I wonder if he KNOWS that he's
a Fascist pig and a tool of the
Military-Industrial complex?!



LIFETIME
CHART OF
ATTITUDES AND
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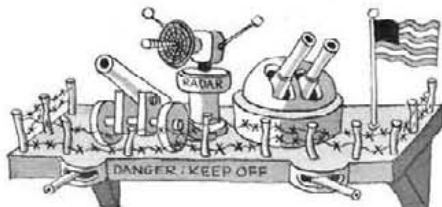
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LETTERS DEPT.



CLINT EASTWOOD PAINTS OUR WAGON



The man to my right in the enclosed photo is Brian Hutton, director of "Where Eagles Dare", who is currently working with me on "The Warriors". We just wanted to say how much we enjoyed "Where Vultures Fare". Artist Angelo Torres and writer Larry Siegel did a tremendous job on this satire. Your comments on some of the complications of the script were especially enjoyed by us, having lived through the making of the picture.

Clint Eastwood
On Location in ...
London, England

THINK—OR THWIM

A great French poet named De Vries once wrote: "To those who *feel*, life is a tragedy ... but to those who *think*, life is a comedy." Obviously, the staff of MAD contains some of the greatest thinkers of our time

Pete Whislu
Los Angeles, Calif.

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE MAGAZINE

Pro

Your "Passionate Gun Love" was one of your most clever, timely and needed articles in many issues. The subtle, and not-too-subtle jabs at the neuroses, psychoses and dangers in a nation obsessed with firepower and killing could be valuable to hunters and non-hunters alike if those with the need and/or desire to kill would (or could) honestly consider why they worship guns. Your article was, indeed, thought-provoking.

Mike Nichols
North Texas State U.

Congratulations on your satire of the "gun nuts" in our society, "Passionate Gun Love Magazine". It took a lot of guts to write an article like that. Let's hope those "nuts" you so violently attacked let you keep those guts in the same location they are now!

Benno Gilbert
Ithaca College, N.Y.

I'm somewhat confused over "Passionate Gun Love" in issue #131. I thought MAD was all comedy and satire! What happened?

Dana Thibault
Denver, Colo.

Can it be too much to hope that MAD can arouse America to disarm? Can it also be too much to hope that responsible gun owners can take the satire in the spirit which it was written?

Joan M. Verba
Minnetonka, Minn.

Your "Passionate Gun Love" magazine was written in the true MAD tradition. Every intelligent, broad-minded gun enthusiast—like me—should have enjoyed it.

Jerry Sciortino
Staten Island, N.Y.

A masterpiece of writing and courage!

Joyce Dini
Garfield Hts., Ohio

Be careful. Some of those guys may decide to organize a hunting trip to the MAD offices.

Rich Sexton
Downey, Calif.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)
1. Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1969 2. Title of Publication: MAD 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly, except Feb., May, August, and Nov. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: William M. Gaines—485 Madison Ave., NYC 10022; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein—485 Madison Ave., NYC 10022; Managing Editor: None 7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.) E. C. Publications, Inc.—485 Madison Avenue NYC 10022 wholly owned by Kinney National Service, Inc., a publicly-held corporation—10 Rockefeller Plaza NYC 10020. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

10.

EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED	2,466,650	2,862,791
B. PAID CIRCULATION		
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS & CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS & COUNTER SALES	1,782,713	2,064,758
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	101,789	109,867
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	1,884,502	2,174,625
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION	54	53
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION	1,884,556	2,174,678
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	582,094	688,113
G. TOTAL	2,466,650	2,862,791

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
William M. Gaines, Publisher

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE MAGAZINE
Con

Isn't it a mistake to blame human failures on inanimate objects? About 15 years ago, a famous psychologist-author let a great many American parents and educators off the hook by blaming "juvenile delinquency" on comic books. The resultant public fever drove a highly-talented and imaginative publishing company to the wall. Remember? Consider. If each passing year makes atomic war less feasible, isn't the man with the gun our only hope?

Bill Cantey
Charleston, S.C.

Your article presented a perfect picture of the American hunter as seen through the eyes of the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris. May I suggest that you send them a copy so they can use it in their continuing propaganda against the American people!

Larry Green
Mayfield, Ky.

It's people like you who make the average American citizen "turn off" to the 99.99% honest American sportsmen and call for tighter gun control laws which do nothing to prevent crime.

Tony Hammond
Tilton, N.H.

Your satire of the average hunter is totally unfounded. You make him appear like the purge of society, maiming and killing anything in sight. Statistics show that hunting is a safer sport than football, baseball, swimming and basketball.

Harold George
Indiana University of Pa.

Your "Passionate Gun Love Magazine" contained too many direct quotes from "Time", "Life" and "Pravda" to be mere coincidence.

Carl Samuels
Cedarburg, Wisc.

In regard to your article, "Passionate Gun Love Magazine"—you guys ought to be shot for publishing it!

Tom Stockton
Ann Arbor, Mich.

PASSES THE TEST

Issue #131 was the funniest thing I've read since my Algebra exam!

Guida Goransson
Lambertville, Mich.

LETTER OF COMMENDATION

I wish to commend you on the way you almost singlehandedly keep alive the tradition of American satire. You have the courage to poke fun at everything and spare no one. When the time comes that people like you are censored out of existence, then I'm moving.

Scott Hamsik
Jacksonville, Fla.

When that time comes, there'll be no place to move to!—Ed.

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That's what our Publisher said. So we've got to get rid of these dogs... mainly our huge supply of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid. If you like dogs, mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 and \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



My name is **Brattie Ross**! I am 14 years old, and I am the heroine of the movie you are about to see!

In addition to being rather **overbearing** and **long-winded** for someone my age . . . I also talk funny!

I talk funny mainly because I do not use any **contractions**! Perhaps you do not know what a contraction is!

A contraction is a convenient way to shorten a group of words, which—as you can see—I have not done in **six possible spots** in this clumsy speech that you are now reading . . .

TRUE

Incidentally, this movie has a "G" Rating, which means that it is perfectly all right for children to see because it does not have any sex in it. What it does have in it, however, is plenty of **blood and gore** and **violence and killing**. According to those Hollywood self-censors, I guess that sort of stuff is perfectly all right for children to see! Like this scene in the beginning of the picture where my father gets shot to death by Tom Shamey!



I am looking for **Tom Shamey** who killed my father! I shall need **money**. I believe you are holding **property** that belonged to my father! You shall pay me **\$300** for it!

I'll pay you **\$200** and not one penny more! And don't try to bargain with me! Only last week, I out-bargained the famous financier, **J. P. Morgan**!

Is **J. P. Morgan** as shrewd as me?

\$300!

Shrewder!

\$200!



Oops!
Make
that
SEVEN
spots!

In this movie, I go through a
series of **fantastic adventures!**
At the end, I learn the meaning
of honor, the meaning of **courage**,
and the meaning of **life!**

Also, thanks to
that great Western
star, **John Weight**,
I learn the
meaning of . . .

FAT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

You'll pay for this crime, Tom
Shamey! You'll never get away
with it! You'll be **hounded and**
hunted for the rest of your
life until you're **caught and**
hanged by the neck until dead!

By who? Wyatt Earp, the
fastest gun in the West??

No . . . by my daughter
Brattie . . . the fastest
TONGUE in the West!

Oh, Gawd!!
Anyone
but that
pushy
little
broad!!



Does he have as much business savvy?

\$300!

Much more!

\$200!



Can he hold
his breath
till his face
turns blue??

Okay! OKAY!! \$300!
If there's one thing
I can't stand . . . it's
a blue-faced kid!



MORT
DRUCKER



She talked me out of four horses!

She talked me out of 14 guns and 300 rounds of ammunition!

She talked me out of two months supply of provisions!

What a daughter I got! That Brattie is some girl!

Hey, Ross... ain't you dead?!

I was—but she talked me out of it!

You can't violate the laws of God!! Lucky for you I'm a religious man!

BLAM!
BLAM!



I shall need a room for the night!

Go away! Don't you see the sign? No children or pets allowed!

Perhaps you have heard of me? Brattie Ross—the pushy, blue-faced breath-holding kid?

Come on in, Miss Ross, and bring your horses!

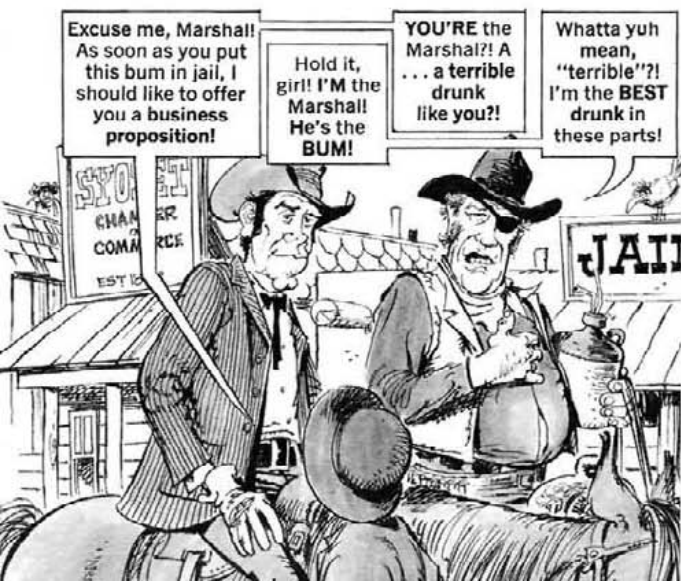


You'll have t' share a bed with this little old lady!

I would prefer to sleep alone!

Stop worryin'! With YOU buggin' her, she'll never live through the night!

Very well! I shall take the room! Now I must get a Law Officer to help me find Tom Shamey!

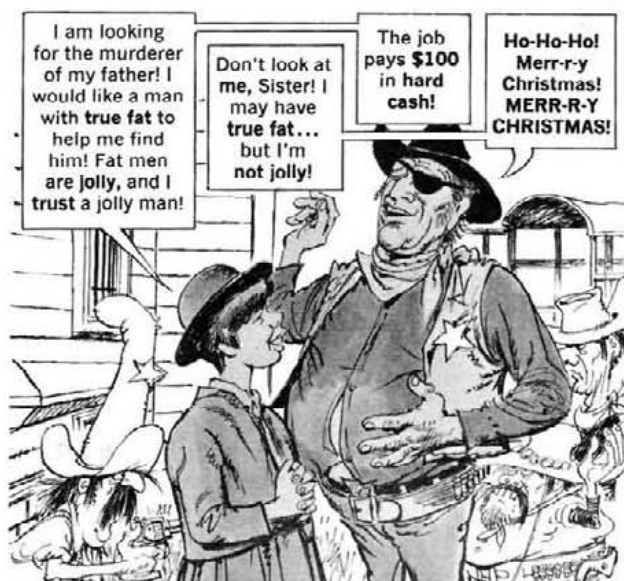


Excuse me, Marshal! As soon as you put this bum in jail, I should like to offer you a business proposition!

Hold it, girl! I'M the Marshal! He's the BUM!

YOU'RE the Marshal?! A... a terrible drunk like you?!

Whatta yuh mean, "terrible"? I'm the BEST drunk in these parts!



I am looking for the murderer of my father! I would like a man with true fat to help me find him! Fat men are jolly, and I trust a jolly man!

Don't look at me, Sister! I may have true fat... but I'm not jolly!

The job pays \$100 in hard cash!

Ho-Ho-Ho! Merr-r-y Christmas! MERR-R-Y CHRISTMAS!

Well, Marshal, will you take the job?

Okay, but first let me tell you what this country is all about. Tom Shamey is a criminal, and your father is a victim. Unfortunately, too many people nowadays worry about criminals and forget about victims. I say a victim has rights, too! Doesn't a victim have rights?



Of course! Every victim in this big, beautiful country of ours has God-given rights passed down by our forefathers!



Right! Except that @&#!! Tom Shamey! When he becomes MY victim, he has NO rights! He has just one thing! A hole in his gut! And THAT's what this country is all about!

Wow! You are even more long-winded than I am!

Hold it! I'm not finished yet! See that rat!?



That rat I just killed ain't JUST a rat! To me, it's a symbol! That rat symbolizes cruel, un-American violence! Which is why I killed it with a clean American bullet! Now look at me! What do you see? A fat-drunk, one-eyed slob? ... **WRONG!!**

I'm not JUST a fat, drunken, one-eyed slob! I'm a symbol! I symbolize all fat, drunken, one-eyed slobs who are not going to let dirty rats take over this great country of ours and flouridate our whiskey and give us Commie eye transplants and ...

Hmmm! While I usually admire fat patriots—sometimes there is a lot to be said for skinny traitors!



I hear tell you're Brattie Ross! My name is LaBeefy! I'm after Tom Shamey, too! I'd like to join your party!

I do not trust you! For one thing, you do not have True Fat!

That's only because I'm still young! Anyway, I AM starting to get jowly!

No! I am sorry! True CHUBBY is not the same as True FAT!



Listen, can I go with you or NOT?

I shall think about it! What do you do for a living?

I'm a Free Lance Clod!

Oh, very well. Come on along! We can always use some comic relief!

Mr. LaBeefy, I would like you to meet—

Why ... why you're masked! And that white horse! What an honor it is to meet the Masked Rider of the Plains! You ... you're the Lone—

Hey, dummy! This ain't no mask! It's an eye-patch!

Boy, is HE ever stupid! What's he doing in this picture?

Well, let me put it this way ... Without HIM, who would sing the title song—YOU?!



Shamey and his gang are holed up in that cabin there! I think we should attack 'em!

Hold it! Little girls don't attack bad guys! You stay here!

I am going with you! I will hold my breath! I will whine! I will throw a temper tantrum! I will eat rocks! I...

Those kid tricks don't bother me!!

Good! I am ready!

In that case, I shall pull the one kid-trick which NO adult has a defense against—the maddening "Echo Trick"!

What's the maddening Echo Trick?

What's the maddening Echo trick?

Cut that out, Brattie!

Cut that out, Brattie!

Okay, you asked for it!

Okay, you asked for it!



OWWW!

OWWW!

You are giving me a terrible pain in the rear end!

On behalf of the movie audience, and everyone else who has come in contact with you so far, that makes us even!

Now THAT'S what I like to see! **HEALTHY** American sex! None of that sick **NUDE** love-making you see in Commie movies nowadays!

While we're staking out the cabin—mind if I sing an old prairie song?

Oh-oh say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proud-ly we hail
At the twilight's last gleaming—

Can't he just sing a **NORMAL** cowboy lament... like "Cool Water" or "Tumblin' Tumbleweeds"??

I do not mind the song so much! It is just that I find it hard to sleep while standing at attention!



And now, for my next number—

You can't do it, Marshal—You just can't do it!

Why not?

Because **NOBODY** sings "The Gettysburg Address"!

It's YOU! Tom Shamey! So we meet at last!

Do not worry! I will give you the chance you never gave my father! I will turn you over to Marshal **Booster Claghorn** who will see that you face true American justice!

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Shoot! Shoot! PLEASE SHOOT!!

Never disobey a grown-up... I always say!





Booster, I have just shot Tom Shamey, and—Say! What is going on?

Those four guys are the rest of Shamey's gang! I am about to put my reins in my mouth and ride at them, shooting with both hands! It's a real fun-sport, and almost as bloody as Pro Football ...

Booster, please don't ride at those four men with your reins in your mouth! It's dangerous! It's foolhardy! It's—Aw, now see what you made me do! You've got me so upset, I'm using contractions!

Taste hot lead, you polecats!

Booster, you are—without a doubt, the ugliest cowboy who ever lived!

You're fat and you're sloppy ...

And you're drunk ...

And you're one-eyed ...

SURPRISE! I'm also toothless!

The kid was right! It IS dangerous riding with reins in your mouth!

The casualties are as follows: Four dead bad guys and one wounded horse ... mine! From carryin' my weight for so far and for so long, the poor critter got himself a hernia!

Booster, you have really proven yourself to me! Yes, there is no doubt about it! You have TRUE FAT!!

Thanks, kid!

By the way, what happened to LaBeefy?

He was killed!

Very sad! I see now that he had True Fat also! Too bad it was all in his head!

Well, this is where we part company, Sister! I'm going into town to get a truss for my horse, and then I'm headin' for the sunset! What about you? What about your future ...?

Who knows?! What kind of a future is there for a cranky, pushy girl who never stops talking?

Stop worrying! You're gonna make someone a great wife someday!

So long, Sister!

There he goes ... Booster Claghorn, a Marshal of the Old West! He is fat and sloppy and drunk and one-eyed and toothless! And yet—he is wonderful! Yes, in spite of his flaws ...

... there will be a place for him in the future of this great America!

SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN THE U.S. CAVALRY!

THE INDIANS—AMERICA'S RED MENACE!

REGISTER THE JAMES GANG—NOT GUNS!

IF THE SIOUX DON'T LIKE IT HERE, LET THEM GO BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

THE FACTS

From what we are told
Without any let-up,
We might just as well
Not bother to get up!



The cars that we drive
Are lethal, they say,
And so is the air
We breathe every day.



Our lakes and our streams
Are so putrified
That taking a swim
Is sheer suicide.



The bright shining sun
Has dangerous rays
That deepen our tans
But shorten our days.



And healthy red meat
Is loaded with lard
Which, now we're informed,
Makes arteries hard.



The doctors all warned
To curb our intake
Of sugared desserts
Like ice cream and cake,



But recent tests prove,
We learn with alarm,
That substitute sweets
Can do us more harm.

OF LIFE (& DEATH)

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN



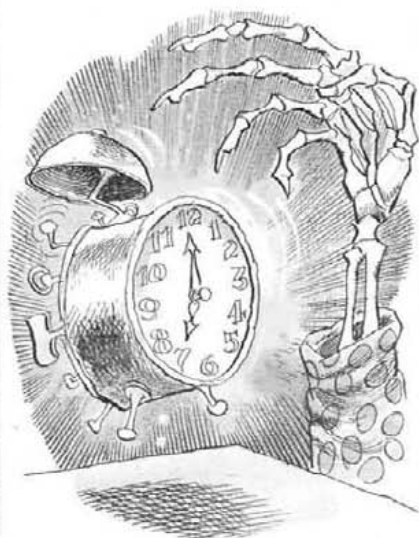
Those new drugs prescribed
For when we are ill
Produce side effects
That quite often kill.



And cows that give milk
Munch insect-sprayed grass
Which poisons small pests
And us, too, alas.



The chemicals put
Into bread to retard
Its spoilage can leave
Our viscera scarred.



The experts said sleep
Should be long and sound,
But now too much sleep
Is fatal, they've found.



They said we should trot
Through wind, rain and fog;
But now they find hearts
Fall down on the jog.



With all of these warnings
Of pain, doom and strife,
It's hard to imagine
A fate worse than life!

CONDENSED MILKING DEPT.

Every day, millions of Americans are forced to make important decisions—decisions that affect their very lives—namely: which TV show to watch! So every day, millions of Americans turn to newspapers or TV magazines for help in making these decisions. And they make these decisions based

IF TV SHOWS WE THEIR "CAPSULE"

10:00 **4** DEAN MARTIN

COLOR Tonight, Dean Martin plays host to George Hamilton, Nancy Sinatra, Spanky and Our Gang, and Pat Paulsen.

Hi, there!
I'm
Dean
Martin...

And tonight, we're going to
play host to George Hamilton,
Nancy Sinatra, Spanky and Our
Gang, and Pat Paulsen!

Hi, George Hamilton!
Make yourself at home!
And hi, Nancy Sinatra!
Can I get you a drink?
How would you like to
see some home movies?

And hi, Spanky and
Our Gang! How about a
game of Charades?
And hi, Pat Paulsen!
Have a canape! Care
to hear some records?

Be sure to
be with me
next week,
folks, when
I'll play
host to...

Mort Sahl,
Tiny Tim,
The Doors,
and the Ron
Poindexter
Dancers!

7:00 **4** WILD KINGDOM—Nature

COLOR Tonight, we join Marlin Perkins and his associate, Jim Fowler, in the Mutual of Omaha Wild Kingdom Studios for a thrilling Elephant hunt.

Hello! I'm Marlin Perkins, and
I'm glad you could join us here
in our Mutual of Omaha Wild
Kingdom studios, because today
Jim and I are taking you on a
hunt for the biggest of all game
animals—the majestic Elephant!

So if you're
ready, Jim—
let's begin!

Right
with you,
Marlin!

No
elephants
here,
Jim...

No
elephants
here,
Marlin...

Well, folks, that's the way
it goes! You don't always
find what you're looking for
in the Wild Kingdom Studios!
Be sure to be with us next
week when we take you on a
thrilling Bengal Tiger hunt!

I doubt if
we'll find
any of THEM
hiding in the
Wild Kingdom
Studios either,
Marlin!

on the "Capsuled Descriptions" of the shows these publications carry. Which is all very well, except that these "Capsuled Descriptions" are not very accurate. What they describe is not what you see! In fact, as we said in MAD #69, TV fare could be lots more fun and entertainment...

RE ACTUALLY LIKE D DESCRIPTIONS"

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

7:30 **2** COLOR NEWS—Walter Cronkite

Walter Cronkite brings you the 7 o'clock News.

Now, here is Walter Cronkite with the 7 O'clock News...

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! This is Walter Cronkite... and it's 7 O'clock... but tonight, there is no 7 O'clock News!



Something happened at 2 o'clock, so there was 2 O'clock News! And there was a news item at 3:45! And you all know what happened at 5:30! But at 7 o'clock tonight... DEADSVILLE!



Be sure and join us tomorrow night when Walter Cronkite will again bring you the 7 O'clock News... providing something happens tomorrow night at 7 o'clock!!



SEISMOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE

11:00 **5** DAVID SUSSKIND—Discussion

COLOR Playwright / Author / Political-hopefuls Gore Vidal and Norman Mailer exchange views.

Good evening. I'm David Susskind. Tonight, I am very pleased to have Playwright/Author/Political-hopefuls Gore Vidal and Norman Mailer on the show... and in a moment, they will be exchanging views...



This is the view from the back porch of my Summer home, which overlooks the Shady Nook Nudist Colony!

Okay! I'll exchange that view for this view from my New York apartment, which overlooks the Y.W.C.A.!

Be sure and be with us next week, when William Buckley exchanges views with H. Rap Brown!



8:30 **7** LAWRENCE WELK—Music

COLOR Tonight, Lawrence Welk salutes Cy Coleman with a collection of his hit tunes.

Good-a even-ing, ladeeze anna gentlemen! Tonight-a, I'm-a gonna salute-a Cy Coleman with a collection uva his hit-a tunes!

Anna here he is-a now ... Cy Coleman ...

... with-a collection uva his hit-a tunes ...

... anna I SALUTE-A HIM!!

Be sure-a anna be with us next-a week, when I shall-a salute-a Burt Bacharach with-a collection uva HIS hit-a tunes!

8:30 **5** WONDERAMA—Bob McAllister

COLOR Well-know Puppeteer Bil Baird displays his art.

Hi, kids! Welcome to "Wonderama"! Our special guest today is well-known Puppeteer Bil Baird, who has graciously consented to come and display his art! Bil ...?

Thank you, Bob! Now, this is my Renoir! I picked this up in Paris!

And this is the Van Gogh I inherited from my Aunt!

And this is my Whistler! And this is my Degas ...

Be with us next week on "Wonderama", kids, when The Fifth Dimension shows us how they cut a record!

1:35 **2** FOOTBALL ROUNDUP—Kyle Rote

COLOR Ace sportscaster Kyle Rote takes a quick look at this Sunday's NFL Football Roundup (15 min. Live.)

Hi! This is Kyle Rote with a quick look at this Sunday's "NFL Football Roundup" ...

These are all the footballs used in the NFL today ... and we've rounded them up! This one was used in the Green Bay—Chicago Bears game! This one was used in the Giants—Steelers game! This one was used in the Colts—Eagles game! This one ...

Be sure to be with Kyle Rote tomorrow night at this same time when we bring you the "IAA Basketball Roundup"!

This one was used in the Rams—'49ers game! And this one ...

The modern phenomenon known as the "New Wave Movie" has created another (and equally sickening) modern phenomenon: "The New Wave Movie Ad" ... in which all of the sensational elements of the movie are frankly and graphically discussed. These ads are basically all

MAD'S "Do-It-Yourself"

1

Suburban Housewife

Wall Street Broker

College Sophomore

East Village Yippie

Repressed Mama's Boy

Hollywood Movie Buff

2

Sex and Violence!

Zen Buddhism!

smoking Hashish!

taking LSD trips!

this dull garbage!

a gibbering idiot!

3

**Curious
Stimulated
Spaced Out
Disgusted
Nauseous
Bored**

4

**(Yellow)"
(Purple)"
(Green)"
(Hoo-Hah)"
(Yecch)"
(Silly)"**

At Last! A motion picture that dares to show how a normal respectable
1 can suddenly turn to 2

"I Am

3

4

**THE SHOCKING,
OFF-BEAT FILM
THAT PLUMBS
NEW DEPTHS OF**

5

Directed by that
brilliant young
"Avant-Garde"

6

Andy Notwell!



NOW PLAYING AT NEW YORK'S EXCITING NEW CINEMA

CINEMA UPTIGHT

SHOWINGS AT 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 and 8:30

Due to the startling nature
of this film's subject matter,
admission is restricted to

7

5

EROTICA!

DEPRAVITY!

SADISM!

MASOCHISM!

PERVERSION!

BAD TASTE!

6

genius

con man

money maker

sex fiend

lunatic

phony

7

adults and children!

teenagers with dates!

Mad Magazine subscribers!

gorillas and orangoutangs!

well-known sex offenders!

law-enforcement officials!

alike, and it's very difficult to tell one from another. In fact, you could probably switch all of the sensational elements around and you would never notice the difference. To show you just how predictable these "New Wave Movie" pitches are, why not try your hand at filling in . . .

MODERN MOVIE ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT

CINEMA MMXVII PROUDLY PRESENTS THE LATEST 1
BY SWEDEN'S FAMED DIRECTOR, INGMAR BUNGLEMAN...

"A 2 AND A 3"



What strange illicit

4
drove this bewitched duo to their

5

What weird obsession gave them a craving for more and more

6

Now Playing At The New
CINEMA MMXVII

BECAUSE OF THE SHOCKING CLIMAX OF THIS PICTURE, NO ONE WILL BE SEATED DURING THE LAST FIVE MINUTES . . . OR DURING THE FIRST HOUR AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES EITHER. IN FACT, NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE THEATER! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE PICTURE, ANYWAY!

1

TRIUMPH PUT-ON FAILURE
FIASCO SICKIE MISH-MASH

2

MAN WOMAN
MOTHER-IN-LAW
SCHOOLBOY
TEENY-BOPPER
MUGGER

3

WOMAN MAN
BIGOT
CALL-GIRL
CHIMPANZEE
CODFISH

4

desire passion no-no
fetish condition sickness

5

deaths
hairdressers
bedroom
psychiatrist
grade advisor
local theater

6

sex and sadism
Chinese food
Playboy pin-ups
caramel popcorn
licorice gumdrops
Beatle records

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FAMILY





GATHERINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



My son Arnold, the Doctor, is Head of the Department at his Hospital! And my son Arnold, the Doctor, is writing a special article for a Medical Journal! And my son Arnold, the Doctor—

Will you stop with the "My son Arnold, the Doctor" already! We're all related to him! We **KNOW** he's a Doctor!

Besides! My son, Bruce, is also involved with the Medical Profession!

HOW is your son, Bruce, involved with the Medical Profession?

He's a **PATIENT!!**



Boy... am I sorry I came!

Me, too!

I hate these family affairs!

Me, too!

You **DO**!! You mean somebody **ELSE** feels the way I do! I'm not alone!?

You certainly are **NOT**!

Gee... I'm so glad I came!

Me, too!



This family is in a rut! Every Thanksgiving, the same things happen! Aunt Selma will say, "I'm on a diet—and everything looks so delicious!" Uncle Lou will say, "I'm so full, I think I'm gonna burst..."

The children will fight over the drumsticks! Grandma will re-live her childhood! The men will talk about the stock market! The women will slice up any relative that doesn't show up! Aunt Tessy will tell us about her operation! And Nick will watch the football game!

What a dull, predictable bunch!

You're right! It is a bore!

Every Thanksgiving, **YOU** make the same observations!



I can't sleep!

Is it any wonder!

It happens every time we go to your folks' house for a family get-together!

Yes, that's true!

It must have something to do with being amongst all those hostile in-laws!

Don't give me that, Buster!

It has to do with the fact that you always fall asleep the minute we get there! No wonder you're not sleepy now!



Ohhh! It's terrible to get old! My arthritis is killing me! It was all I could do to walk up the steps outside!



You think you've got troubles! I've got bursitis, high blood pressure and varicose veins!



Listen! The music is starting!



Let's get a little closer to the band!



Look at my sisters! Sylvia is only a little older than me, and she has **TWO** Grandchildren already! And Martha is busy showing pictures of her **FOUR** Grandchildren!



When are you going to stop with the wild oats, get married, settle down, and make **ME** a grandmother?



I might just take you up on that! It's nice to know that my child'll have a Grandmother who can be depended on to take 2 o'clock feedings, and change diapers and baby-sit and do all the other things Grandmothers do!



You know—when you think about it, I'm really **TOO YOUNG** to be a Grandmother!!



I'm racking my brain trying to figure out what to get Cousin Henrietta for her Engagement present!



Leave it to your Mother!

I have here a book that will tell us **EXACTLY** what to give her! Just let me look it up...



Here it is! Give her a **\$20** hair dryer!



That's a good idea! How do you know exactly what to give her?

Because when you were engaged, that's exactly what she gave you!!



As long as I've got the whole family together, let me take a picture! Okay—everybody over there!



He's at it again! Every family has to have a camera nuisance!

Forget it! I'm not moving from this chair!



My hair is a mess!

Go away! Stop bothering us!

While you were all so busy protesting, I was busy shooting **CANDID PHOTOS** of you all!



You didn't! You wouldn't dare!

You sneaky son of a gun!

Er... I'd like a copy of each shot!

Me, too, please!

So would I!



The house is such a mess!

It always happens, too! Whenever the house is clean, nobody comes! But when it's a mess, the family is sure to drop in unexpectedly!

Yeah?! Well, you better **CLEAN UP** this mess!!

Because I don't feel like seeing your family today!!

My son brought his fiancée along to meet the family! Have you people been introduced to her?

Yeah! She's not that pretty!

She could be a little friendlier!

She's a little on the fat side!

I don't think she's very bright!

Her family is very wealthy!

SHE'S A LOVELY GIRL!!

DON'T TELL ME! You gotta be my Cousin Milton's son! Right ... ?

Right!

I KNEW it! You look just like HE did when he was your age! The same big nose! The same silly hair that's always a mess! And the same ears that stick out like a car with its doors open!

DON'T TELL ME! You gotta be my Aunt Hilda's son! Right ... ?

Right! How'd you know??

You've got her **MOUTH!!**

Oh, dear! Look at that mess that has to be cleaned up! It reminds me of when I had to do it myself, too ... before we could afford a maid!

Yes! I remember, too! Let us help you, Lili!

Don't be silly! We're not exactly on welfare! We've got a girl, too! She'll be here to clean up as soon as everybody's gone!

Boy, those sisters of mine! All they talk about is their maids!

And talking about maids, millionaire wife of mine ... who is this girl you've got to clean up the mess?

So what do I look like ... a **BOY??!**

SLEEPING "BAG" DEPT.

DREAMS THAT WENT UP IN SMOKE

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

NOW STARRING
RONALD
REAGAN



PHOTOS BY:
WIDE WORLD



EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING DEPT.

WHAT IS A BO

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



Between the time you're slapped on the back in Maternity, and the time you're slipped on the slab in the Mortuary, you're bound to run into that remarkable creature known as a "Born Winner". It's simply unavoidable. Born Winners require a never-ending supply of poor slobs like you and me to use as stepping stones on their way to the top.

Some people have the mistaken notion that Born Winners are just plain lucky. Nothing could be further from the truth. The word luck implies that it can be either good or bad. For a Born Winner, this is impossible. His luck always turns out to be good no matter how bad it may appear at any given moment. Not only do all his clouds have silver linings, but also the clouds themselves are pure gold.

A Born Winner is easy to spot. He's the guy who's drafted the morning the war ends. He's the guy who marries for love and then discovers his bride concealed the fact that she's a millionairess to avoid fortune hunters. He's the guy who's turned away from a fancy restaurant for not wearing a tie the very same night that thirty-six diners succumb to food poisoning.

Coincidence plays a large role in a Born Winner's life . . . and guess in whose favor? When a Born Winner goes in to ask for a raise, you can bet it's the morning after the Boss made it with the gorgeous new secretary. When a Born Winner has to exchange his tickets for a Hit Show to another night, you can bet he's avoided the night both stars are replaced with understudies. When a Born Winner decides to try another route to work for the first time in ten years, you can bet it's the day rioters burn fifteen cars along the old route.

In one strange way, a Born Winner needs to be pitied. For the rest of us, one of life's thrills is its uncertainty. This thrill is denied the Born Winner. He always knows how things will turn out. If he kicks a dog in front of the ASPCA Shelter, he knows he'll wind up being rewarded for dislodging a bone in its throat. If he loses



BORN WINNER?

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

a sweetheart to a rival, he knows she'll turn out to need \$11,000.00 worth of medical and dental care. And if his wife buys what looks like a worthless piece of junk at an auction, he knows it's going to turn out to be a priceless Cellini original.

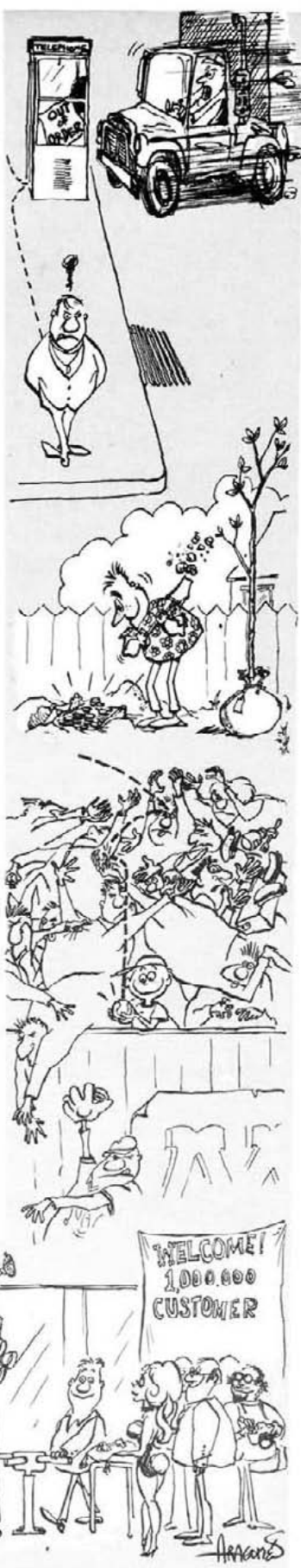
Sometimes, it's incredible how victory is snatched from the jaws of defeat by Born Winners. If a Born Winner is stuck with huge alimony payments, his ex-wife promptly marries the milkman. If a Born Winner's car turns out to be a lemon, it's immediately stolen and the insurance money pays for a new one. If a traffic cop is about to give a Born Winner a ticket, a burglar alarm suddenly goes off somewhere down the street. And if a Born Winner is bumped off a plane by a VIP, that's the plane that's never heard from again.

A Born Winner is always predictable. Although it's plain to see that he's not doing anywhere near as well as you are on the job, you know he's going to be your next Boss. Although he doesn't seem to have a single quality a girl could like, you know he's going to steal yours away from you. And although he cheats brazenly on his Income Tax, you know you'll get nailed for some minor oversight while he gets an even larger refund than he claimed.

A Born Winner is like an aristocrat. He assumes that it's his birthright to come out on top, regardless of how preposterous it may seem to the rest of us. He's hardly surprised when the oil property he's invested in doesn't produce oil because there's too much gold in the ground. He's not particularly impressed when his bank accounts are constantly being treated to huge errors in his favor that even the most sophisticated computers never catch. And he's far from amazed when he's the only chemist searching for a new washday detergent who comes up with a cure for Cancer. Because as far as a Born Winner is concerned, he lives by only one simple credo:

"SOMETIMES YOU WIN . . . AND SOMETIMES YOU WIN!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: A "BORN WINNER" IS AN IDIOT WHO SELLS US A CRUMBY ARTICLE LIKE THIS WHEN THERE'S PROBABLY MUCH BETTER STUFF IN OUR WASTEPAPER BASKET!



STAGE OF MIND DEPT.

Today, everybody's concerned about the "Generation Gap"! Well, MAD has investigated this Great National Problem . . . and you know what? We have discovered that there isn't just *one* "Generation Gap"! There are *many* "Generation Gaps". . . all the way from "7" to "70"! To give you a picture, we now present . . .

MAD'S LIFE ATTITUDE

WATCHING A TV DOCUMENTARY ON VIETNAM

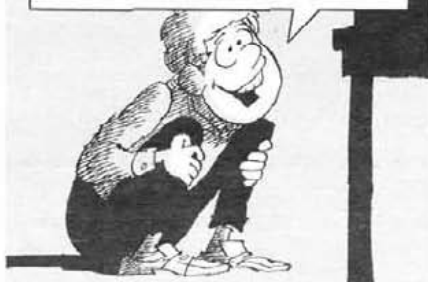
Age 7

Rat-a-tat-a-tat! Give it to 'em good!
Kill 'em! Wipe out those Commie rats!



Age 14

Hey, they're firing that new XB4 Rocket
... the one that can level a whole town!



Age 20

College should defer me until I'm 22!
Then, I could enlist in the Peace Corps
for two years . . . and Vista for another
two years . . . and by then, I'll be 26 . . .



WATCHING A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE BURN DOWN

Age 7

What a shame!
I'll say! It burned down before
the firemen had a chance to use
their great new 50-foot ladder!



Age 14

What a shame!
Yeah! We had a basketball
net set up on their garage!



Age 20

What a shame!
I agree! Maybe this will
give you some idea of what
we're doing in Vietnam!



ON SEEING A POLICEMAN

Age 7

I tell ya, those are REAL BULLETS
in his belt! He let me touch 'em once!



Age 14

Ahh, he's just a beat Patrolman!
The cops on the Tactical Squad
wear helmets and bust heads open!



Age 20

I wonder if he KNOWS that he's
a Fascist pig and a tool of the
Military-Industrial complex?!





ETIME CHART OF S AND BEHAVIOR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Age 35

For this propaganda, they had to pre-empt "Mission Impossible"?!

Age 50

Vietnam! Korea! Big deal! Listen, I was in the BIG ONE . . . back in 43!

Age 70

I say, drop the atom bomb on 'em! Get it over with fast . . . before the Government taxes us out of existence!

Age 35

What a shame! It sure is! He mixed one helluva Martini!

Age 50

What a shame! You bet it is! This will probably drive up Insurance Rates in the neighborhood!

Age 70

What a shame! I'll say! The smell of smoke aggravates my heartburn!

Age 35

Poor devil! Overworked! Underpaid! Always being abused! I wouldn't be in his shoes for a million dollars!

Age 50

Of course he's on the "take"! They're ALL on the "take"!

Age 70

Naturally, the crime rate is up! But it's not his fault! We can thank our precious Courts for that!

IMPRESSING THE OPPOSITE SEX

Age 7

If you're real nice to me, I'll let you see my frog!



Age 14

Sorry if my face feels a little rough! I haven't shaved since this morning!



Age 20

... and I got THIS scar when I crashed through the police barricades while picketing a Ronald Reagan Film Festival!



ORDERING DINNER IN A RESTAURANT

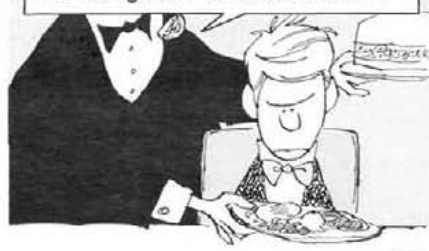
Age 7

Let me get this straight! You want BOTH caramel sauce AND hot fudge sauce on your French Fried Potatoes!?



Age 14

I assure you, young man, that you have NOT been given a "Children's Portion"!



Age 20

As far as I know, sir, NONE of our vegetables are purchased from vicious exploiters of migrant farm workers!



CONCERNING THE FAMILY DOG

Age 7

Floyd... you're the only true friend I've got!



Age 14

Will somebody hold Floyd! He's trying to follow me to the movies!



Age 20

Alas, poor Floyd... a prisoner of the Establishment like the rest of us!



WATCHING A "NEW WAVE" SWEDISH ART FILM

Age 7

What a dumb movie! Their lips move one way... and they talk another!



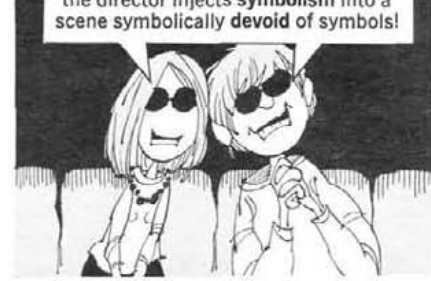
Age 14

Hoo-boy! Here comes the scene where she takes off all her clothes!



Age 20

How incredibly symbolic... the way the director injects symbolism into a scene symbolically devoid of symbols!



Age 35

I'm really just a kid at heart
... and this is one of my toys!



Age 50

Go ahead! Punch me in the stomach!
I'm solid ... solid as a rock!



Age 70

No, no, my dear! Don't thank me
for this little bauble! It's
just my way of doing things!



Age 35

I appreciate your ordering in French,
sir, but you have just requested I
bring you an "oven-broiled tractor"!



Age 50

I'm sorry, sir ... but offhand, I am
unable to give you an EXACT calory
count for our Pineapple Cream Surprise!



Age 70

Oh, yes, sir! Our Poached Eggs
are quite digestible, sir!



Age 35

Floyd is pedigree stock! One day, I'll
show him—if I can ever find his papers!



Age 50

Ah, Floyd ... how lucky you are to
know nothing of inflation, labor
problems, and the Internal Revenue!



Age 70

Floyd ... you're the only
true friend I've got!



Age 35

Art! Schmart! It's the SEX
that brings in the customers!



Age 50

I'm no prude, but there are some things
that should be just plain BANNED!!



Age 70

What else can you expect from a
permissive society catering to
immoral Left-Wing extremists!



DATA KNOWS BEST DEPT.

Television coverage of recent elections has included something new in American politics: "The Instant Prediction". With the help of computers, and as little as 1% of the votes counted, the TV Networks can tell us exactly who the winner will be. Often, they can do even better than that and predict the outcome when only a few hundred voters in scattered "key"

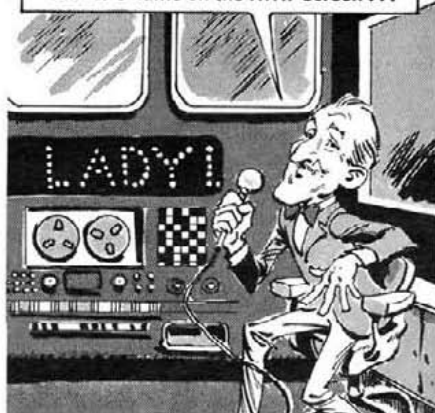
FUTURE INSTANT

IN SPORTS

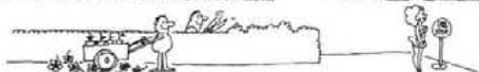
Lee Marsh, your WWQB-TV Racing Reporter, here, folks... and it's another great day at Belmont Park. The first race is about to begin... the horses are in the starting gate... and... **THEY'RE OFF!!**



As they approach the first turn, let's switch on IWHF, folks... that's our Instant Winning Horse Forecaster... feed in the information, and see what we come up with. Can you hear those circuits humming, fans, as IWHF works out the problem? Now the tapes have stopped spinning... and here comes the winner's name on the IWHF screen...



The winner of the first race will be... **LADY LOU!** How about that, folks!? Incidentally, this will be Lady Lou's third victory in her last five starts. And now, as the horses go into the back stretch, and our eventual winner, Lady Lou is still in fifth position, let's pause for a message from our sponsor...



IN EDUCATION

This is Weldon Montgomery, and this is "Graduation, U.S.A." Today, we are at the beautiful campus of Finster College, where commencement exercises are already under way, and diplomas are about to be presented. I know that many of you are friends and relatives of the graduates, and that you'll be interested in knowing exactly how these young people are going to make out in later life. So...



... without further ado, let's start feeding the information into ELF... that's our Entire Life Forecaster... and see just what is going to happen to each graduate as he steps forward to receive his diploma. And here is our first graduate, Arnold Abrams...



Based upon statistical projections of his grades, intelligence, aptitudes, and other factors, ELF predicts that Arnold will do **VERY WELL** for himself in later life... mainly because he's going to marry the Boss's daughter!

And now let's let ELF tell us about our second graduate, Nancy Axel...



precincts have cast their ballots. Which brings us to this MAD article. Whether they realize it or not, the TV bigwigs have their hands on a great gimmick here. They just haven't carried it far enough. It's easy to visualize the marvelous advantages that can be had when the TV people have perfected their miraculous forecasting machines and we have these...

NT PREDICTIONS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

IN SCIENCE

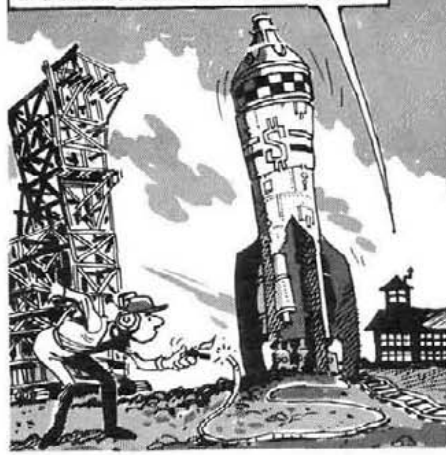
This is **Gordon Robinson**, reporting to you directly from the press compound here at **Cape Kennedy**. I know that the entire nation is anxiously awaiting word about our two brave astronauts, **Major Glenn Hardy** and **Captain Richard Strong**, as they begin their historic voyage to **Venus**, aboard **NASA-127**...



...so let's feed the information to **SPIT**... that's our **Space-Probe Instant Telecomputer**... and let **SPIT** predict the outcome. And here's the answer... The flight **WILL** be successful, and our two heroes **WILL** return to Earth safely on **April 3rd** at **11:04 A.M.**... only two minutes behind schedule!



That certainly is *wonderful news*, eh, folks? Now that we know the outcome of this exciting voyage to **Venus**, we'll be able to breathe a lot easier as we witness the **actual launching**, right? So let's go over to **Mission Control** and the final countdown! **Ten... nine—**



IN SOCIETY

It's **THE** social event of the year, as **Gloria Carruthers Carstairs**, last season's most captivating debutante, marries **Stanton Vandervoort IV**, scion of the fabulously wealthy **Newport** and **Palm Beach Vandervoorts**! I'm **June Fey** of **WXTA-TV**, and this is **"Society"**!



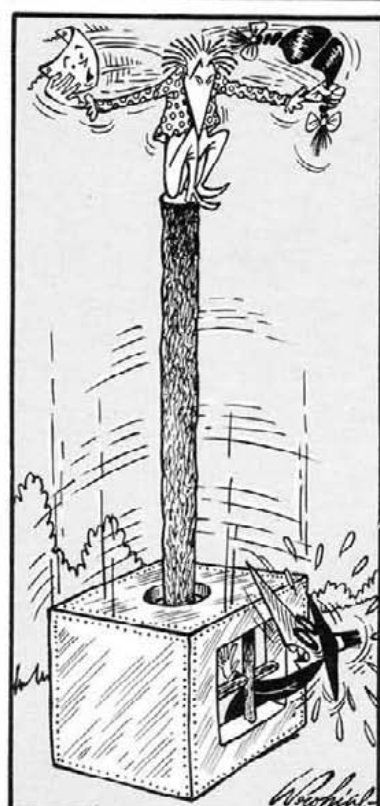
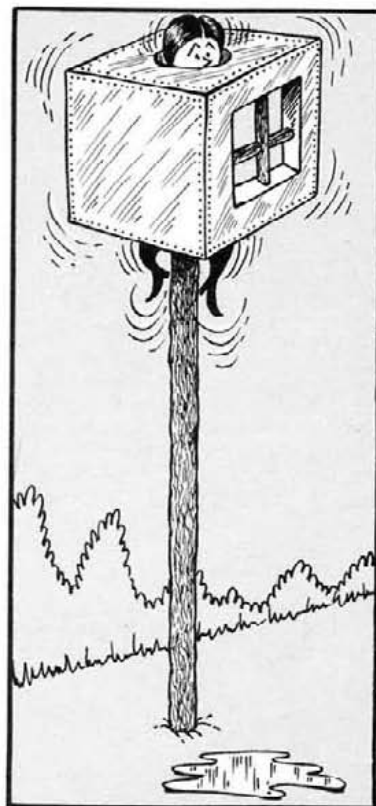
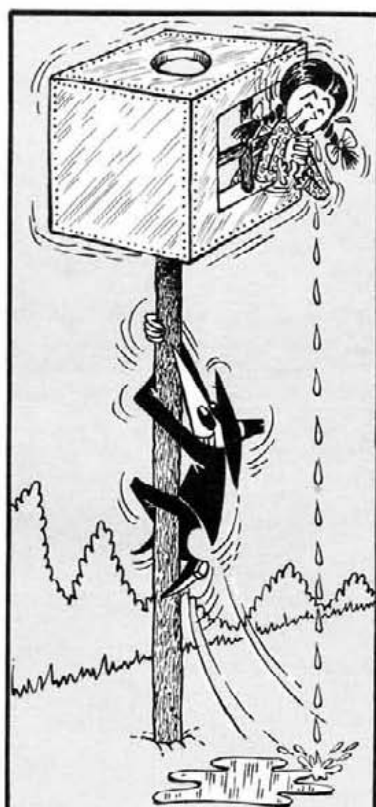
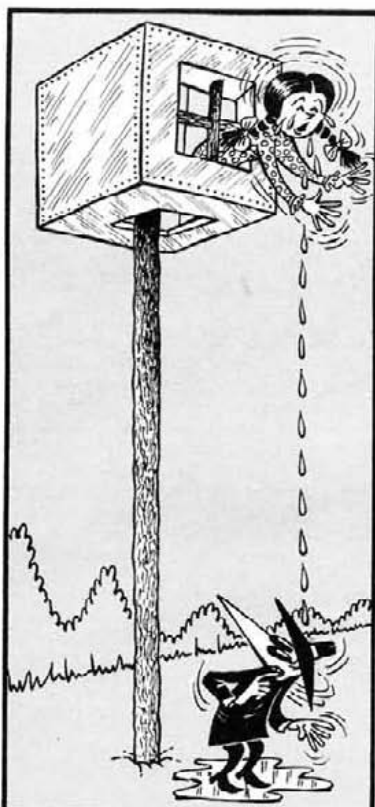
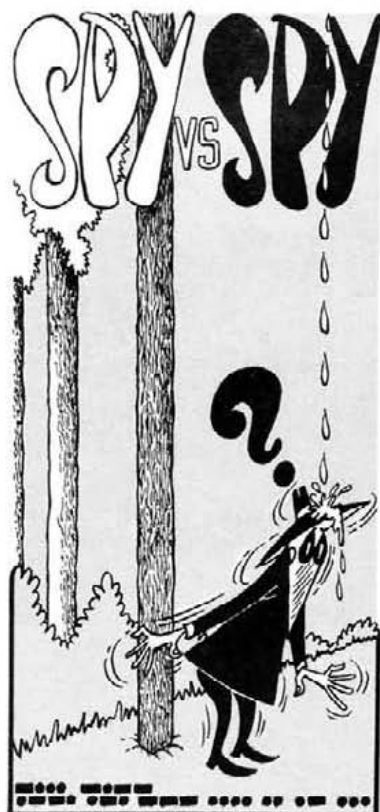
We're broadcasting live from the steps of beautiful **Westbrook Cathedral**, where an enormous throng of well-wishers is waiting for the bridal couple to emerge. And while we're waiting, let's program **MRS...** our **Marriage Result Summarizer**... with the **Carstairs-Vandervoort** nuptial statistics and see what it comes up with...



And here's how **MRS** sees it, folks... **Oh-oh! Bad news!** It looks like **Gloria** and **Stanton** are going to run into **trouble**, and their marriage is only going to last **three years, two months and four days!** Isn't that a shame?!

And here comes the happy couple now!





One of the big "In" hobbies of our affluent society is "Antique Collecting." Yes, all the worthless junk our Grandmothers threw out years ago has become valuable junk today . . . and people will pay fortunes for it. What actually IS an "antique"? Anything that was useful at one time, but which progress outmoded, and "Collectors" are now clamoring for. F'rinstance, things like:



Crank-Handle Telephones



Early American Oil Lamps



Oily American Earl Lamps



Wooden Butter Churns



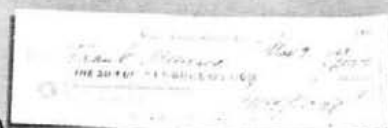
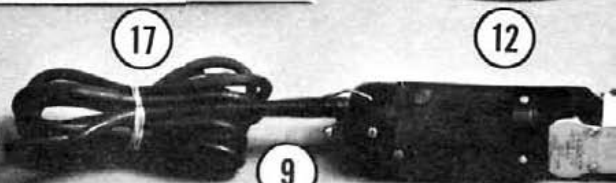
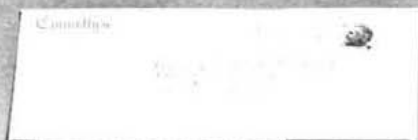
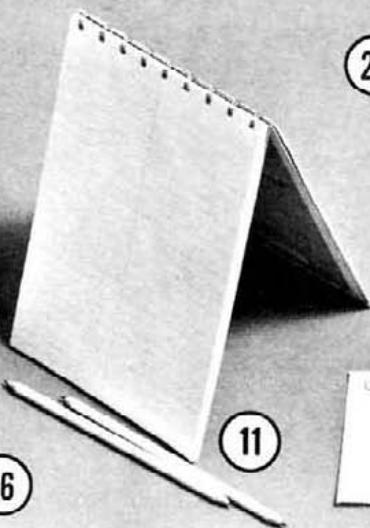
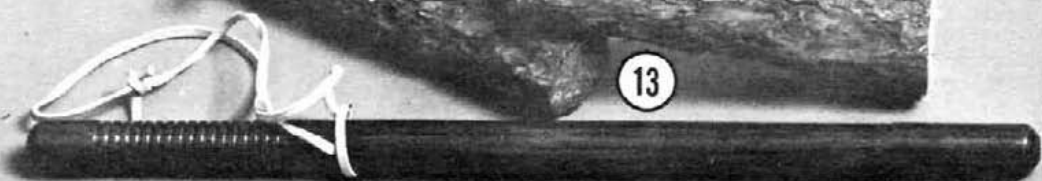
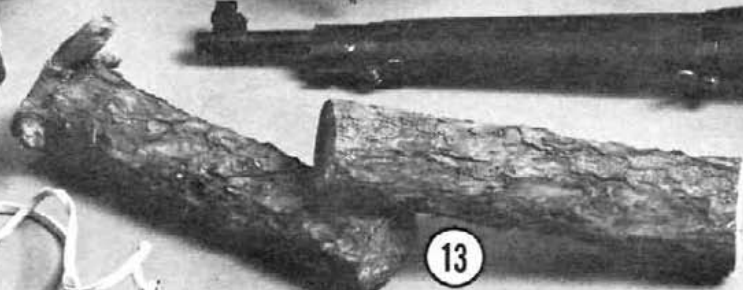
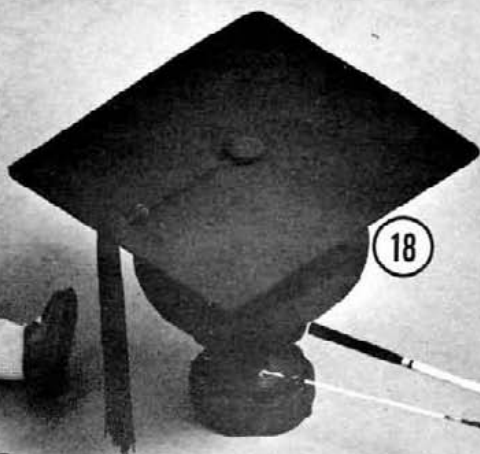
Old Coffee Grinders



Old Organ Grinders

. . . and so on. Which is okay with us. But what we'd like is to avoid making the mistakes our Grandmothers made and *hold on* to today's worthless junk till it becomes tomorrow's *valuable* junk. For some possibilities, let's take . . .

A MAD LOOK AT ANTIQUES OF THE FUTURE





(1) **DOCTOR'S SATCHEL**—Small black bag once carried by MD's when making what were known as "House Calls".

(2) **MARRIAGE LICENSE**—Official document required by law before a man and a woman could live together.

(3) **POLICEMAN'S "BILLY"**—A crude Law Enforcement weapon that was effectively used before complaints of "Police Brutality" rendered Cops on the beat powerless.

(4) **REPORT CARD**—Official document once issued to all school students for perusal by their parents, it contained coded letters and numbers known as "Grades".

(5) **PACK OF CIGARETTES**—Objects made of paper and tobacco once smoked by large numbers of people before "Cancer" and "Heart Disease" scares of the late 60's.

(6) **EYEGLASSES**—Visual aid once worn on the bridge of the nose prior to widespread use of Contact Lenses.

(7) **BLACK & WHITE TV SET**—Crude early television device which showed only grey images, without color.

(8) **COOK BOOK**—A collection of "Recipes", popular among housewives back in the era when meals were hand-cooked with "fresh" meats, vegetables and seasonings.

(9) **ELECTRIC TRIMMER**—Tool used in "Barber Shops" where males once went regularly to have hair cut off.

(10) **RAZORS**—Crude tools, both manual and electric, once used daily by males to keep chins free of beards.

(11) **STENO PAD & PENCIL**—Items once used by human secretaries to take "dictation" in pre-automation era.

(12) **N.Y. YANKEES CAP**—Headpiece worn by players in dull, mild, non-violent game known as "Baseball" which has been replaced by more brutal, bloodthirsty sports.

(13) **FIREPLACE LOGS**—Once burned for display, never heat, in special niches in suburban and country homes, these logs were made of a rare substance called "wood" . . . a material found only in expensive jewelry today.

(14) **DO-NOTHING DOLL**—An antique toy once popular with little girls, this model neither walked, talked, cried, burped, cheesed, wet, nor threw temper tantrums.

(15) **FISHING AND HUNTING EQUIPMENT**—Once used by so-called "Sportsmen" before air and water pollution killed off all fish, birds and animals before they did.

(16) **NEWSPAPER**—One of many, read by millions before exorbitant Union demands put them all out of business.

(17) **LETTER WITH STAMP**—A method of communication, made obsolete by final collapse of U.S. Postal System.

(18) **MORTAR BOARD**—Curious headgear once worn at College Graduations before violent student demonstrations completely eliminated Institutions of Higher Education.

(19) **SEEDS AND BULBS**—Once used in gardens to grow flowers before plastic imitations made them unnecessary.

(20) **PAYCHECK**—Weekly item of monetary exchange once earned by workers before entire country went on Welfare.

(21) **PAPER MONEY & COINS**—Popular medium exchange used to buy goods before advent of Credit Card system.

(22) **PORNOGRAPHIC STAG FILM**—Illicit primitive form of average contemporary motion picture shown everywhere.

(23) **PLAYBOY MAGAZINE**—Rendered obsolete by advent of "See-Thru" and "Topless" styles of Women's Fashions.

(24) **MAD MAGAZINE**—Rendered obsolete by advent of intelligent discrimination in popular reading material.



Okay, gang, here we go again with another installment of our series which explores that hidden world

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



where dedicated people are working secretly and tirelessly to make our lives miserable. This one is

THE SCENES At the U.S. Congress

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





V.I. PEEK DEPT.

We are all familiar with the public images of famous celebrities. We get them from newspapers and television. Like for example, Jack Benny is supposed to be stingy, Ed Sullivan is supposed to be a stiff, etc. But don't you ever wonder

A MAD L CELEBRITIES IN RE

ARTIST: JOHN JOHNS

JACKIE KENNEDY ONASSIS And Family Go Shopping



An Afternoon Out With Mr. & Mrs. JOHN LENNON



HUGH HEFNER And H



what these people are *really* like . . . out of the spotlight? . . . in their homes? In average, every-day living? Well, we'd like to tell you what they're like, but we don't really know! We can just *surmise*! So why not join us now as we take . . .



LOOK AT AL-LIFE SITUATIONS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

SAMMY DAVIS, JR. Tells It Like It Is



is Domestic Problems



A Busy Day at the Home of **FRANK SINATRA**

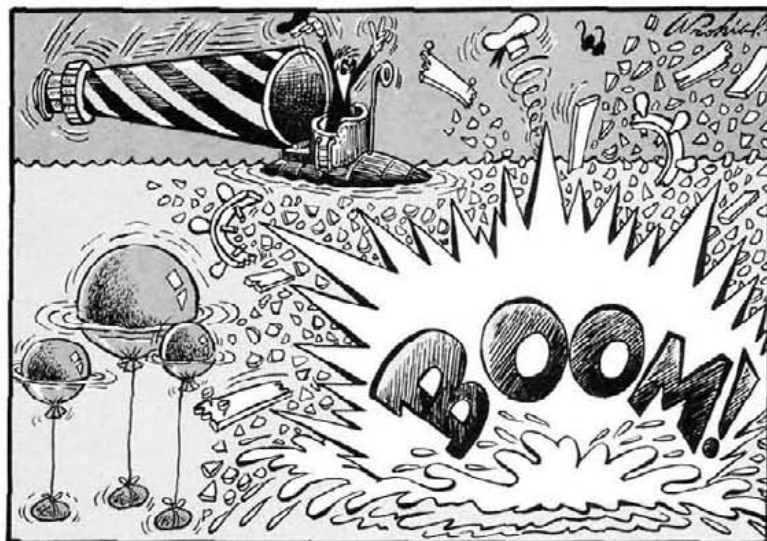
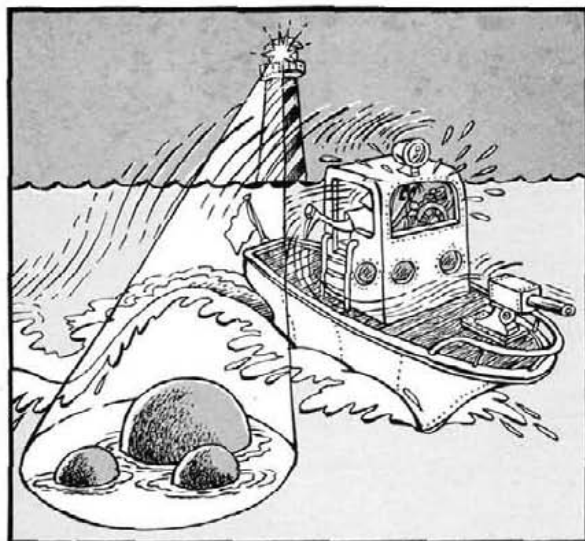
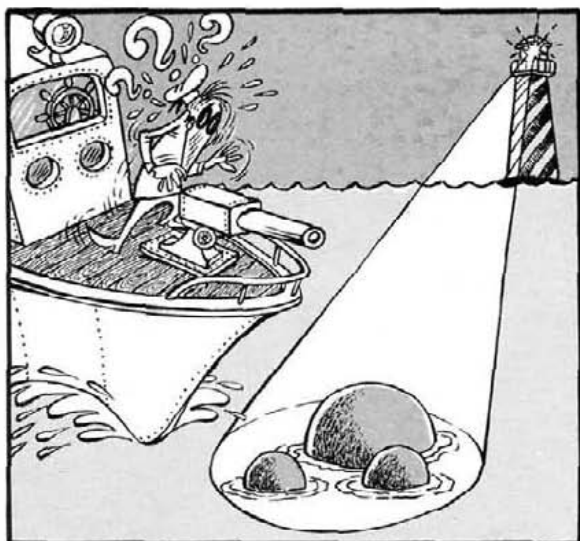
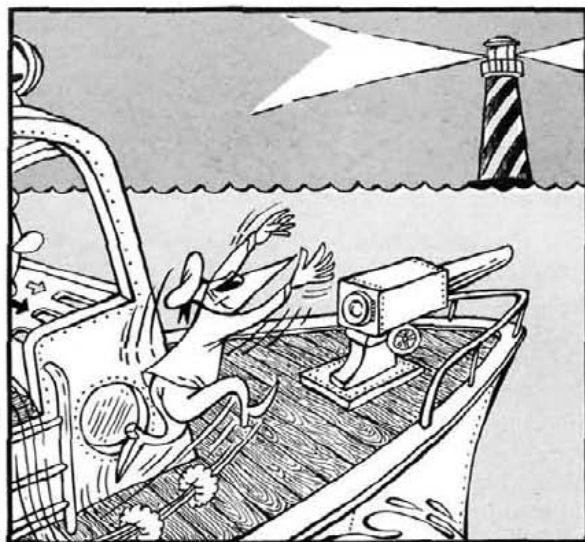


THE NIXONS and Unexpected Sunday Guests



The Doctor Visits the Home of **DEAN MARTIN**





GIVE OUR REGARDS TO BROADWAY JOE DEPT.

Hey, Pro Football fans! Here is a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to make a quick pass through the contents of...

JOE NAMATH'S WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Sports Illustrated

TIME-LIFE BUILDING NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mr. Joe Namath
New York Jets
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

We are in the process of compiling a collection of "Famous Quotations by Sports Immortals" which embody their playing philosophies. Included will be such great statements as:

"Win one for the Gipper!".....Knute Rockne

"The bigger they are,
the harder they fall!".....Jack Dempsey

"This home run's for you, kid!".....Lou Gehrig

"Me and my brother will win sixty!".....Dizzy Dean

"I know I can make it
in the big leagues!".....Jackie Robinson

"Count on me--he won't last three!".....Muhammad Ali

It is our understanding that you were recently quoted as saying:

"Get all the money you can--while you can!"

Is this true?

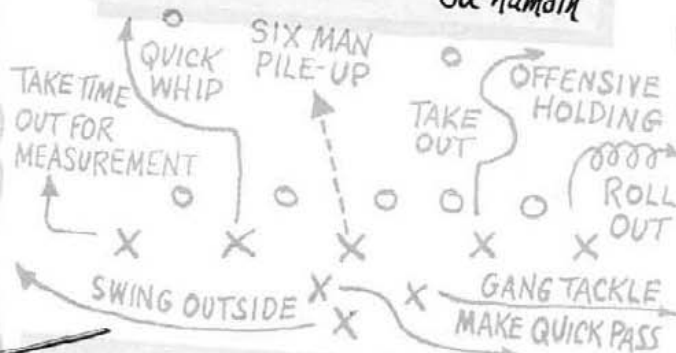
Does this express your playing philosophy?

Yours truly,

Agatha Wormley
Agatha Wormley
Research Department

Dear Miss Wormley:
How much will you pay me if I tell you?

Joe Namath



Joe: Found this diagram outside your locker. Don't seem to recognize the play. Is this a new plan for the Oakland game Sunday? Babe Parilli

Babe: to tell you the truth, I hadn't given much thought to the Oakland game Sunday
This is a plan for an ORGY on Saturday!!
Joe Namath

Minse, Limpuryst & Strange
Beauty Parlor Supplies Cherry Grove, N.Y.

Mr. Joe Namath
The New York Jets
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

We are in receipt of your letter, and we can certainly understand your problem. We can't think of anything more horrible than getting your hair styled at the Barber Shop and then having to rush to the stadium for a rough and tumble football game.

However, much as we'd like to help you and satisfy your request, we simply cannot see our way clear to develop a "combination hair-dryer and football helmet." The very limited demand for such an item would not justify the cost.

May we offer another solution: style your hair the way Y. A. Tittle used to do.

Truly, truly yours,
Walker Minse
Walker Minse
President

NEW YORK JETS

SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK

A PERSONAL MEMO FROM COACH WEEB EWBANK

TO Joe Namath

Joe:

During the past few games, I've noticed that you've been using a strange new play that the boys tell me you call "The Statutory of Libertine"...the one where you step back into the pocket, fake a pass to the deep end, run to the sidelines, and hurl yourself on one of the "Pom-Pom Girls".

This play does not seem to be gaining much yardage for us, and only serves to cause confusion among the Officials, not to mention the girls. So, in the future, will you please stick to the conventional book plays that we've practiced!

Weeb

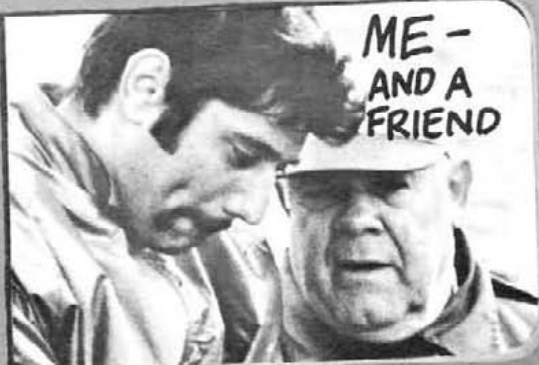
SURE-FIRE MAKE-OUT LINES (To use in 2nd Ave. Bars)

HI, BABY! WANNA FEEL MY TORN CARTILAGE?! —
EASY, HONEY! NOT THERE! THAT'S WHERE HE GRABBED MY FACE MASK!
SAY- DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN FRIDAY'S LAST THURSDAY?
SAY- DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN THURSDAY'S LAST FRIDAY?
PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, KID, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW IT FEELS TO OWN A MINK COAT... BECAUSE I JUST MAY LET YOU WEAR MINE HOME TO YOUR PLACE!!
MY COACH DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME!!
GIRLS ARE LIKE FOOTBALLS... SOFT TO TOUCH, YET MADE TO BE KICKED AROUND!
LISTEN HONEY, ONCE I START A PASS, I COMPLETE IT!

IDENTIFICATION

NAME JOE NAMATH
 ADDRESS SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK CITY
 OCCUPATION N.Y. JETS QUARTERBACK, MOVIE STAR,
T.V. COMMERCIAL STAR, BAR & DISCO THEQUE OWNER
SWINGER, AND RACING CAR DRIVER (NOT INTENTIONALLY)
 DISTINGUISHING MARKS OR FEATURES THE MANEHT
BEARD, TORN KNEE CARTILAGE & ASSORTED HICKIES

Genuine Pigskin



NEW YORK JETS

SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK
 A PERSONAL MEMO FROM OWNER PHIL ISELIN

TO Joe Namath

I have taken the liberty of having 1200 copies of the enclosed form printed up in order to cut through the red tape and speed up the paper work when trouble occurs in the future. Please carry at least one copy with you at all times.

Phil

NEW YORK JETS

SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK

Chief of Police

City of

State of

Dear Chief

I understand that on, 19....., in the City of in the State of, one of our New York Jet football players, Joe Namath, was arrested for:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Getting into a barroom brawl | <input type="checkbox"/> Driving while intoxicated |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cursing a Police Officer | <input type="checkbox"/> Getting a girl into trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Roughing up a reporter | <input type="checkbox"/> All five of the above |

If you will call me at the New York Jets' offices, we will be most happy to discuss this problem with you and attempt to settle the matter out of court.

Sincerely yours, *Philip Iselein*
 Philip Iselein, Owner

Dear Joe:-

I am 16 years old, and a big fan of yours. You are my idol. When I grow up, I want to be a Pro-Football Star just like you. I am currently the Quarterback for my High School team. I am 6 feet tall, weigh 175 pounds, eat 3 square meals a day, drink plenty of milk, get lots of fresh air and exercise, run errands for my Mom after school, go to bed early, and stay away from girls. What do you think my chances are?

Your fan,
 Jeff Atkins.

Dear Jeff:

I think you're sick! Your chances are terrible! Better forget about becoming a Pro-Football Star. You'll never make it! In fact, it's your kind that gives this great American Sport a Bad Name!

Joe Namath

Wheaties Sports Federation

Battle Creek, Michigan U.S.A.

Mr. Joe Namath
 N.Y. Jets
 Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

Thank you for your suggestion for a new "Joe Namath" way of preparing our breakfast cereal. We agree that your name would lend a certain prestige to our product.

However, we do not feel that Wheaties mixed with a "heaping bowlful of three parts Gin and one part Vermouth, topped off with your favorite Olive or Onion" is our idea of a Breakfast of Champions.

Thank you for your interest.

Yours for better health,

Bob Richards
 Bob Richards, Director

Office of the Commissioner

American League Football

Dear Joe:

Although you have agreed to give up your interest in the bar, "Bachelors Three", there are still persistent rumors around that you have not given up your relationships with unsavory characters.

What proof can you offer me that you are no longer associating with gamblers and bookies?

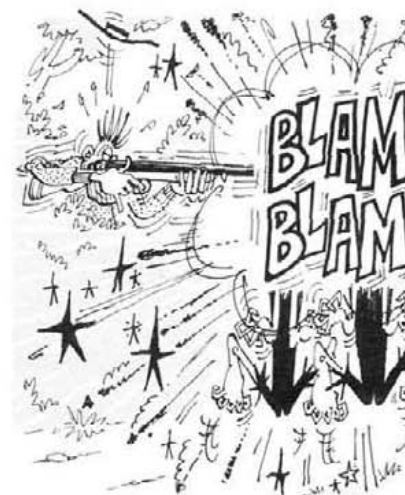
Yours truly,

Pete Rozelle
 Pete Rozelle
 Commissioner

Dear Mr. Rozelle:-

I'll lay you 8 to 5 I'm not!!
 Joe Namath

ONE DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

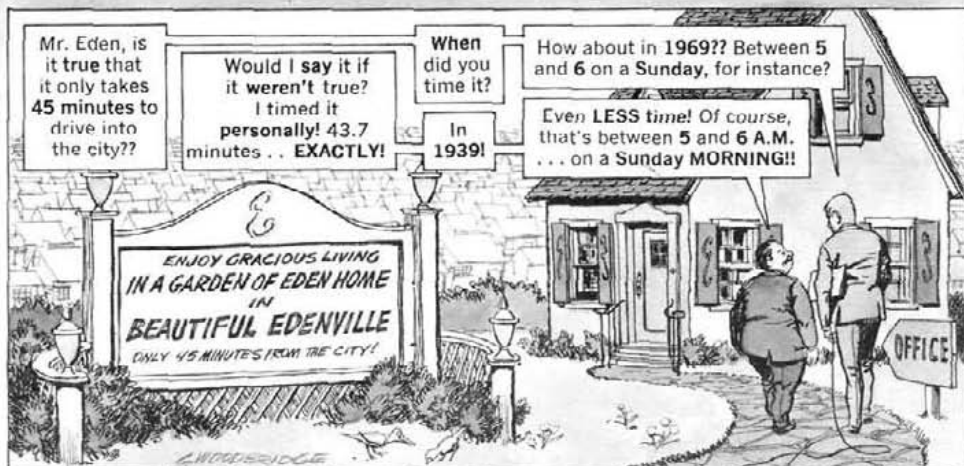


Recently, we presented a "MAD Gray Paper" on "The State Of Our Cities". Now, with fairness and justice as our guiding principles, we feel morally obligated to give equal time to a report destroying the Suburbs. So all of you City folk can stop chasing rats for a moment, and thank your lucky stars that you live where you live. Because things could be a lot worse, as you'll see when you read this . . .

MAD GREEN* PAPER

"The State Of Our Suburbs"

Hello! This is Harry Reasonable again, with another "MAD Paper"—this one on "The Problems Facing America's Suburbs Today"! Let's begin by talking to the man most responsible for turning this area into a full-fledged suburb just five short years ago—Go-getter Builder-and-Developer, Levitt J. Eden!



*THIS STARTED OUT AS A "MAD WHITE PAPER" BUT WE LEFT IT UNDER A PILE OF CRABGRASS CLIPPINGS OVERNIGHT!

But most of the men of the area commute by train! Now, isn't that a warming sight...?

Ah, yes... Husbands—kissing their wives "goodbye" as they leave for the city!

Well, actually this was taken **IN** the city—and the husbands are kissing their secretaries "good-bye" as they leave for the suburbs!

Now let's talk with Edenville's most important citizen, Dr. Eli Sloth, the town Pediatrician! Tell us, Dr. Sloth... how do medical problems here in the suburbs differ from the city?

It's completely different in the suburbs! It's less hectic and much healthier!

For children? No—for Doctors!

I mean—is there much children's illness out here?

Couldn't say! You'd have to ask my Service! Sorry... I don't remember the number!



Then you'd say that a Doctor has it pretty easy out in the suburbs?

No—I wouldn't say that! It's true, but I wouldn't SAY it! Actually, I'm a lot busier than usual!

The doctor who shared my practice is no longer with me!

How come...? He reached the mandatory retirement age of 36!!

Dr. Sloth, we've heard a lot about wild parties here in the suburbs! Is there any truth to it?

I'm delighted to say there is a lot of truth to it!

You mean to say people actually get drunk and swap wives?!

No! People never get drunk at these parties!!

If you get stoned, you might make a mistake and end up with your own wife! Yecch!

Why not??



Excuse me, Ma'am! I'm told there isn't much drinking in the suburbs! Do you agree?

No, I don't! There ish plen'y of drinkin', an' housewives do mosht of it!

Oh? Why is that?

Okay! Good! I'll get my car!

No—you don't understand! I'm a reporter... trying to find out why there's so much drinking among suburban housewives!

They drink to forget their unhappiness! I'm drinking to forget a tragedy that happened to me!

Oh? And what was that...?

The end of an affair! My milkman was transferred!

I can't believe you fool around behind your husband's back!

Watch who you're calling a liar! I'm a wife and mother! Have some respect!!



This is the head of Edenville's Board of Education, Dr. Occipital Loeb! Tell us, Dr. Loeb, is there any racial problem here?

Not at all! We've achieved a perfect racial balance here in Edenville's public schools!

That's remarkable!

Yep, half of the kids that go to our schools have Negro maids, and half have White maids!



Well, what is your biggest Educational Problem, Dr.?

Parking is our worst problem!

We simply cannot keep the Students' cars out of the Teachers' Parking lot!

And what are you planning to do about that problem?

We're planning to tear down the School Library and use that space for a Teachers' Parking Lot!



I'm talking now to Edenville's Chief of Police! Tell us about Law-Enforcement problems in the suburbs, Chief!

The biggest problem is kids and cars! Why, just today, we brought in a couple of teenagers who were making out in a car!

What's so bad about making out in a car?

While driving through town at 70 miles an hour?!



But the biggest problem is the parents' attitude! Take a look! He's 14, and we picked him up on a drunken driving charge...

Oh, Clifford! Where have I failed you? What did I do wrong to make you turn out this way?

Don't be too hard on yourself, Mom! I know you did the best you could, and I forgive you for failing me!

You do?! Oh, thank you for your mature understanding! You're such a wonderful son! I'm so happy!



It's not easy being a Policeman in the suburbs, especially with these rich kids!

Really? How come...?

Last year, we nabbed a rich kid and threw him in jail! The very next day, his father bought the land under the Police Station and had the entire Police Force arrested for "Trespassing"!



I'm talking now with Hank E. Panki, the owner of one of Edenville's biggest motels!

Years ago, motels had a reputation for being immoral places, right, Hank?

Right, Harry...

...and we're doing our level best to uphold that great tradition!



This is Artie Dilettante, director of Edenville's Amateur Theatrical Group! Tell us, Artie, what play is your group rehearsing?

It's "The Odd Couple"!

Oh, the famous Neil Simon play about the two urban men who get divorced?

No, this is an original play... about a suburban husband and wife who stay married!

And here we are in the Mayor's office! Mr. Mayor, how come there's a party going on here in City Hall?

We're celebrating... because we were just awarded a 15 million dollar Federal grant for "Slum Clearance"!

But—DO you have slums here in Edenville?

That's for US to know... and for Washington to find out! Heh-heh!



Mr. Mayor, I've been told that you keep a pretty tight rein on things and that all construction and improvements must be okayed by you, personally!

That's true!

And you do that for the good of the town?

No... I do that for a percentage of the deal!!

What does the future hold for a suburban town like Edenville?

Here is an artist's conception of Edenville in ten years!

Why... it's nothing but a city! A BIG, UGLY CITY!

Right! First, we get people to move out here to escape the city! Then, when they get sick of commuting, we bring Industry out here so they can work closer to home!



But, what will happen then?

People will start a NEW suburb... out here!

Gee! That's just awful!

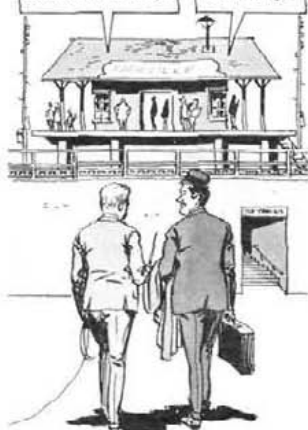
No, that's just great! Who do you think has options on all that land? Heh-heh!

But will you be happy living here when it becomes a city?

Why not? I'm happy now, living in a city!

You mean that you—

I got a Penthouse apartment! Look, goof... when you live in the suburbs, keeping track of your wife and kids can take ten years off your life! I'll take my chances with the rats and the muggers! 'Bye!



**WHAT IS ONE
SPECIAL
BENEFIT
DERIVED FROM
MODERN
ROCK MUSIC
BY SOME
OF ITS FANS?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Older people, who are turned off by noisy, raucous Rock music, should think twice before condemning it! To some young folks, there is a tremendous benefit derived from Rock that overshadows every criticism. To discover this benefit, fold the page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

PUNCHY, ZANY, WILD, LOUD, HIGH-PITCHED SOUND HAS CAPTURED EARNEST ROCK DEVOTEES. YESTERYEAR'S MUSIC IS PURE DOLDRUMS FOR EBULLIENT YOUNG SWINGERS. THE SPECIAL BENEFITS, INCLUDING THE DRAMATIC PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF AMPLIFIED ROCK SOUND, LIFT THE SPIRITS OF YOUNG MALES IN PARTICULAR.

A▶

◀B

A VALENTINE TO ALL OUR

MAD

READERS



*Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
We make our bread
On clods like you!*